

Decoration for Fur Hats



THE home milliner has been able to find a turban covered with fur of almost any description and almost any shape. The matter of trimming it at home is a problem of easy solution. Fur turbans are not exactly trimmed—they are decorated. The soft shapes, made without wire, carry bows, rosettes or motifs, applied flat to the body of the hat; or tinsel and silk roses, a smart cockade or an aligrette fastened on with an ornament, all easy to procure and the trimming easy of accomplishment. Fashion permits the trimming to be placed anywhere, from back to front, at the sweet will and sense of style possessed by the wearer.

Where the turban is made by covering a buckram shape with fur, plumes

and fancy feathers, wings and ribbons are all available. The soft caps are more simply trimmed.

Soft caps of fur or fur fabrics are easily made at home. The crown is in four sections, like a boy's jockey cap and the brim a slightly curved collar, which is wide enough to turn up about the crown. This is lined with silk or satin. A fine wire may be introduced in the outside brim edge to advantage. It should be put in between the fabric and the lining, and will serve to keep the hat shapely.

Such hats of plush or fur are very comfortable—a real protection to the head, and the becomingness is a new discovery. It is all in adjusting the right shape to the head in the right way.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CHECKED SILK WAIST.



This most attractive waist is of checked old blue and white foulard, with pretty yoke of old blue cashmere. The gump, undersleeves, and frills are of white tulle. The girdle is of plain blue liberty.

THE NEW SHOE BUCKLES

Cut Steel and Rhinestone Predominate for Decorating Evening Slipper This Season.

Cut steel and rhinestone predominate in the shoe buckle for decorating the evening slipper this season. In the cut steel, which has a very refined appearance, the designs are very beautiful. The buckles made of this material seem to be the leading ones.

They are made oblong and large, and though this is actually the choice among the metals, there are other sizes and other metals still available, for though it is quite new, it does not exclude any of the others that with some are still popular.

Rhinestone buckles are favored next to steel and there is a wide variety of these from which to make a choice. Small and large ornaments, square and round ornaments, oblong and star-shaped ornaments—in fact, in the rhinestone one can get an ornament in almost any shape a person desires.

Butterfly Note Paper.

The butterfly, a dominant novelty of this season's fashions, trails its frivolous wings across the latest note paper. Flights of sulphur-colored insects upon a delicate green ground, and of bright, soft blue ones over a cream white surface, none of them too perceptible are seen. It is a fanciful idea, to have these decorated missives as frivolous and brief as their own short lives.

CONCERNING USE OF PLUMES

Newest Trimming in Millinery Shows Styles Such as Our Mothers Never Dreamed Of.

The newest trimming in millinery emphasizes the use of plumes. Such plumes! The word conjures up an infinite variety of styles of which our mothers or grandmothers knew nothing, and fair women of today can be doubly grateful for the efforts of milliners.

Garlands of plumes are used on broad, low hats. They are spotted and flecked with color, and some are made of layers of different shades, giving a wonderfully iridescent effect.

On velvet turbans the use of a single plume attached at the front, and extending toward the back in a slanting line, is quite evident. This line for the plume is used on large hats as well. And speaking of the wide, flat shapes leads us to the introduction of ostrich feathers to edge the brim. Two successful Paris milliners have done this with great effect.

Feather rosettes are made of ostrich plumes. Concentric circles of cut feathers are placed around a jeweled center. At the side of a turban or on the upturned brim of a large velvet hat this new type of ornament is extremely chic.

A feather band is being used on many large hats. Black and white plumes are favored for these ornaments. They are detachable, hooking at one side. This idea is attractive, for a change of trimming means a change of hat.

To Freshen a Lace Waist.

A tight-cut lingerie waist of white lace and embroidery gains wonderfully in elaborateness by the addition of the latest French fancy. This is a broad band of net in a pastel shade, embroidered in soutache braid of the same color and applied just over the bust. With this is worn one of the new neck scarfs of chiffon, in a color that exactly matches and with the ends embroidered in the soutache. Both of these are easily made up at home by any clever needlewoman, and will go a long way toward hiding the deficiencies of a pretty but aging lingerie waist. The chiffon scarf is especially charming when embroidered its entire length with large coin dots in satin stitch.

Cretonne Lampshades.

The very newest and prettiest thing in home decoration is the lampshade of shirred cretonne or flowered silk. For these, heavy wire frames are purchased, the round shape being the best. The cretonne or silk is then shirred tightly under this frame, and clamped or glued to it. A narrow border of furniture gimp conceals the joining place.

In tapestry, this variety of lampshade becomes really gorgeous. The idea, of course, can be applied in any of these materials to candleholders as well.

One From the Cashier.

The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

Had Money in Lumps.

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump." Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

Miss Mattie belonged to the old school, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firman's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bust hisself."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?" "I dunno."

"What did you tell him?" "Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banded de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firman, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Where He Was Queer.

The negro, on occasions, displays a fine discrimination in the choice of words.

"Who's the best white-washer in town?" inquired the new resident.

"Ale Hall am a bo'nd a'tlist with a whitewash brush, sah," answered the colored patriarch eloquently.

"Well, tell him to come and whitewash my chicken house tomorrow."

Uncle Jacob shook his head dubiously.

"Ah don' believe, sah, ah'd engage Ale Hall to whitewash a chicken house, sah."

"Why, didn't you say he was a good whitewasher?"

"Yes, sah, a powerful good whitewasher, sah; but mighty queer about a chicken house, sah, mighty queer!"—Mack's National Monthly.

MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot and with the optimists agree that trouble's soon forgot.

You'll be surprised to find, I guess, despite misfortune's darts, what constant springs of happiness lie hid in human hearts.

What sunny gleams and golden dreams the passing years unfold, how soft and warm the level light beams when you are growing old.

Acted Like the Genuine.

"The landlady says that new boarder is a foreign nobleman."

"Bogus, I'll bet."

"Oh, I don't know. He may be the real thing. He hasn't paid her a cent as yet."

More Human Nature.

Grouchily—By denying myself three ten-cent cigars daily for the past 20 years I figure that I have saved \$2,190.

Moxley—Is that so?

Grouchily—Yes. Say, let me have a chew of your tobacco, will you?

Thanks to Burnt Cork.

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle Hiram, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was boisterously applauded.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

Lo, the Rich Indian.

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of their agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

No Slang for He!

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve flat on their backs! A pair of sunnysiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man. "Eggs," the kind that come before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd a had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

The League of Politeness.

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of Fraulein Cecile Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

The "Country Churchyard."

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prosaic pages of a recent issue of the Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

How She Learned.

The mother of a family of three small children was discussing their comparative precocity with a friend.

"John was very slow at everything," she said, referring to her oldest. "Tom was a little better, and Edith, the baby, is the smartest of all. She picks up everything quick as can be."

Master John, who had been listening, now contributed his share of the conversation.

"Humph!" he exclaimed. "I know why her learns so quick. It's 'cause her has us and we didn't have us."

Economy.

The late former Governor Allen D. Candler of Georgia was famous in the south for his quaint humor.

"Governor Candler," said a Gainesville man, "once abandoned cigars for a pipe at the beginning of the year. He stuck to his resolve till the year's end. Then he was heard to say:

"By actual calculation, I have saved by smoking a pipe instead of cigars this year \$208. But where is it?"

Moslem Traditions.

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven" are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained. So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

A Medical Compromise.

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

Hard on the Mare.

Twice, as the bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed; but the third time demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist," cautioned the driver, "don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure, O'm desavin'th' crature. Every toime she 'ears th' door close, she thinks won' o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."—Success Magazine.

Exaggeration.

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and, although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want to see the man who was run over.' 'No; hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

A Retraction.

"You shouldn't have called that man a pig," said the conciliatory man.

"That's right," replied the vindictive person. "There is no sense in implying that he's worth 40 cents a pound to anybody."

Blissful Ignorance.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton; "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

Economy in Art.

"Of course," said Mr. Sirius Barker, "I want my daughter to have some sort of an artistic education. I think I'll have her study singing."

"Why not art or literature?"

"Art spoils canvas and paint and literature wastes reams of paper. Singing merely produces a temporary disturbance of the atmosphere."

Home Thought.

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"

"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

New Process of Staining Glass.

The art of coloring glass has been lost and refound, jealously guarded and maliciously stolen so many times in the history of civilization that it seems almost impossible to say anything new on glass staining. Yet a process has been discovered for making the stained glass used in windows which is a departure from anything known at the present time. What the Venetians and the Phoenicians knew of it we cannot tell.

The glass first receives its design in mineral colors and the whole is then fired in a heat so intense that the coloring matter and the glass are indissolubly fused. The most attractive feature of this method is that the surface acquires a peculiar pebbled character in the heat, so that when the glass is in place the lights are delightfully soft and mellow.

In making a large window in many shades each panel is separately moulded and bent and the sections are assembled in a metal frame.

Our Voices.

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, we will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, ardent speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.33 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beaunis, another authority, shows "Phosphoric Acid combined" and Potash 78.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerably more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain lag because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about. Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

This trial has demonstrated:

That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.

That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.

A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.

A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.

Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.

Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,

Battle Creek, Mich.